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1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mdme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and the peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro*.

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VOL. 61.—No. 10.

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(From the "St Cecilia Magazine.")

Since our former issue, this eminent musician, whose works have been the subject of so much critical dispute in recent years, has suddenly escaped from the "mortal coil," and it would ill become us, for the present, to wrangle over his remains. We therefore postpone the insertion of the controversial letter referred to in our last. The lapse of a little time will make him a historical personage and enable us without passion or prejudice to regard his theories, and applications of them, with less of the sentiment of antagonism than was possible while he yet wielded the pen of a fierce and potent polemic. He was certainly a remarkable man. A revolutionist in music, a radical in politics, a sceptic in relation to Christianity, a believer in his own absolute pre-eminence as a philosopher in art, he was daunted by no obstacles, and refused "to call any man master upon earth." An orchestral director at the age of twenty-three, he was ever after identified with operatic art. *Rienzi*, his first opera, brought him both publicity and profit, and, whatever may be thought of its successors, there seems to be a general concurrence in the belief that it is alike beautiful in its melodic and skilful in its harmonic parts. But here the community of admiration ceased. His *Faust* was a *fiasco* in Paris, and from *The Flying Dutchman* onwards, the barbed arrows of contention have been flying between the hostile parties begotten by the envenomed pen with which he sternly resented every assault upon productions he considered the highest attainable embodiment of excellence in the art he professed. It were vain to deny that he had many followers who accorded him plenary faith, and as vain to doubt that the theory he claimed and proclaimed as his own, has a foundation which most philosophic musicians unhesitatingly recognize. It is in the application of this theory that divergencies have obtained. Numbers who admit his premises in whole or in part, entirely or partially discard his conclusions, and among these we must rank ourselves. Not that we admit the theory to be his, in principle at least, but that, irrespective of authorship, we recognize the truth of the fundamental dogma in the body of doctrine he spent his scientific existence in defending and misapplying.

Nevertheless, whatever may be disliked in the character of the man or the works of the master, there can be but one opinion about the heroism with which he invariably showed himself superior to failure and sublimely confident of ultimate triumph. The strength of his conviction seems to have given him the energy of a prophet and a persuasive eloquence which enabled him to attach to his party not merely musical enthusiasts but many solid and reflective patrons among the political magnates of his time. Even the practical Napoleon III. espoused his cause and secured him a second opportunity of submitting his claims to Parisian judgment after his followers and fame had largely increased and his genius was supposed to have matured. But again he had to "bite the dust" of bitter disappointment. The Parisian verdict was condemnatory, and that verdict has been practically repeated in almost every place of note in which his later works have been interpreted. In his native Bayreuth alone, he walked a Prince—whether from a true appreciation of his art or a mixture of love and interest, remains to be seen. He had another ardent royal admirer in the Bavarian King, who not only aided him from his private purse to a large amount, but promoted and carried through the scheme which led to the construction of the theatre at Bayreuth in which these later works were originally presented. Here, in his declining years, Wagner brought out the operas which proved most conclusively his unpractical character or failing perception and invention. Ordinary themes and ordinary mortals had evidently lost their charm for his mind. He resorted to the mythology of a barbarous age for his subjects and couldn't consistently escape the consequence of adopting and illustrating its sanguinary motives. We are disposed to believe that the *Tristan* and *Nibelungen* were products of a decaying intelligence, and that they occupy in musical, the place of the later works of Turner in pictorial art. The colour-blindness of the artist finds its unhappy parallel in the tone-blindness of the musician. *Parsifal* is even clearer, as we think, in its indications of mental deterioration. We cannot, of course, join in his denunciations of the great musicians of his own Germany, as well as of Italy and France. Their works will endure for ever, for they are attached to themes of human interest, and have usually the charms of simplicity, intelligibility, and beauty. Wagner's are often so difficult, intricate, and repulsive, that we believe a very few years, indeed, will suffice for their transfer to the shelves of the antiquary or historian. That they should ever have been regarded by any one but their author as an incarnation of "the music of the future," is a melancholy proof that, even among cultured humanity, there is a section which oscillates between sense and nonsense, lunacy and light, the victims of a thirst for novelty as potently seductive in the intellectual sphere as is the drunkard's thirst for his potations in the material.

(From the "Echo.")

Probably the realm of musical art has never sustained a greater loss than it now mourns in the death of Wagner, the poet-musician. This event was announced by telegraph to have taken place at Venice on the 13th inst., when the great composer was within two months of his seventieth year. Judged by what the world is accustomed to call success, and gauged by the mere art of pleasing the ear of the multitude, the profound sentiment of regret which pervades all classes of the artistic world at the sudden and unexpected termination of Wagner's eventful life can scarcely be understood. It is only those who have faithfully studied this great musician's works, learned to comprehend his far-reaching intentions, followed his chequered career, his self-imposed labours, and indomitable efforts to incarnate the most sublime aspirations in musical ideas, who can thoroughly appreciate the value of Wagner's life and work, and the irreparable blank which his departure leaves behind.

Never was the all too popular phrase, "not understood," more applicable to any human being than to Wagner. In the early part of his career as a composer he was regarded not only as a daring and unskilful innovator, but his attempts to support his "erratic mannerisms," as they were termed, by theories—pronounced to be as unpractical as "unauthorized"—excited the minds of a routine musical age against him, and induced the belief that he was acting under the stimulus of ambition to found a school, and become a leader rather than the expounder of a true musical art, however he might fail in delineating all that he aimed to express. The leading events of Wagner's life are already before the world, and very soon, no doubt, the full sum of his profound studies, ceaseless efforts, life struggles, and achievements will become matter of general history. His works, too, will be catalogued, and their number and dates be duly recorded, as a necessary part of the tribute due to his memory. But when all this is said and done, what pen can show wherein the secret of this untitled musician's greatness lay? Who can reveal the real gist of his wide wanderings, and do justice to the stupendous impulse which his compositions, writings, and revolutionary modes have communicated to the twin arts of poetry and music?

Wagner became the Musical Director at Magdeburgh when only 23 years of age, solely by the force of his intrinsic merit. He quitted that post, and wandered from place to place, supporting himself by hard orchestral drudgery, for the purpose of study, and to gain wider experience in his art. He visited London and Paris, full of the great reformatory ideas which possessed him, on the powers and possibilities of music. He experienced everywhere the fate of all who dare to step aside from the grooves of custom, or attempt to lead the age forward in advance of its long-cherished errors. A revolutionist alike in politics and religion, as in art, his mind, his works, all he was, and all he aimed to do, or see done, in the path of reform, he strove to incarnate in poetry and music. He perceived the trivialities of the Italian Operatic School, and he swept them away like cobwebs. He realized the hard, cold crudities of German methods, and he laboured to vitalize them by the infusion of poetry into music, and the influx of music into poetry. After many a bitter struggle with fortune and public opinion—after immersing his artistic life in the vortex of politics, and enduring exile, misfortune, and a ceaseless warfare with the devotees of the tyrant Custom—Wagner suddenly found the path to fame, fortune, honour, and boundless opportunity opening up before him. With his usual fearless tread, he scaled the giddy heights of fortune, and prepared to demonstrate his grand life-long experiment in the Bayreuth theatre which princely favour had prepared for him. Still "not understood!" Though the man was swallowed up in the artist, the world called that "personal egotism," which was Wagner's irresistible worship of the ideas which he believed himself destined to express in his art. Who cannot discover that Wagner was not like egotists in general, moved either by praise or blame? Personal flattery he instantly applied to his art, ridicule and contempt was an insult to music and poetry in his person. He was born to revolutionize musical ideas, and to compel men to accept music as speech, and the interpreter of all the harmonies of the Universe. He would do this, he must do this, and then—Wagner's work ended. And the brief triumphs of Bayreuth closed at Venice, whilst *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Nibelungen*, *Tristan* and *Isolde*, and *Parsifal*, all proclaim in the world's applause that his work is well and nobly done. Posterity will build upon the corner-stones of musical art which Wagner has laid, and the name bestowed on him in irony will yet be spoken with grateful veneration; for the day will come when Wagner will be known for what he was—a true Prophet of the music of the future.—H. W.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN.

Few secrets of so agreeable a character have been as closely kept as was the intention to take by surprise the honoured Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, by presenting him with a substantial testimonial of esteem on the completion of his seventieth year. So strictly guarded from publicity was the graceful and kindly project, which emanated from little nucleus of friends, and which was cautiously allowed to grow in widening circles, that Professor G. A. Macfarren, a moment before a cheque for 800 guineas was placed in his hand, could not have had the least suspicion of the special purpose for which he was bidden to the platform of the familiar music-room in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. That words of grateful memory, of old esteem, and of affectionate wishes would be addressed to him, there and then, might indeed have been a natural expectation in his mind; for on Friday evening his birthday had been festively celebrated, and occasion had been taken to tell him that his presence on the following afternoon would be anxiously and pleasantly looked for at the Royal Academy of Music, so that his old and young pupils, his brother-professors, and a gathering of members, associates, and friends might have the gratification of felicitating him on the attainment, in health and undiminished vigour of faculties and gifts, of a venerable age. Beyond this, no intimation whatever was conveyed to Professor Macfarren that the meeting was to be of any very extraordinary or startling nature. His own brother, Professor Walter Macfarren, had only been in part admitted to the secret, and had received at the same time strict injunctions not to divulge even the little he knew, or to hint at any coming testimonial. As to those who had the privilege of contributing, each was bound by strict conditions to implicit secrecy. Half-past five o'clock last Saturday afternoon was the time named for this interesting assembly, and before that period had come the seats in the area of the room were completely occupied, the gallery being full of ladies. Among the well-known faces turned towards the platform were those of Professors Walter Macfarren, A. Randegger, H. R. Eyers, Manuel Garcia, Steggall, Cummings, W. Shakespeare, J. P. Goldberg, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, F. B. Jewson, Lunn, Benson, Cox, Fiori, Sainton, Piatti, Lazarus, and Harper; Canon Duckworth, Dr Stainer, and Messrs Littleton, Hopkins, Carl Rosa, Joachim, Straus, Dorrell, Sparrow, Broadwood, Henry Stephens, and John Gill, secretary of the institution. Sir Julius Benedict presided on the platform, and his earnestly eloquent address, which was heard with silent attention, except when interrupted by loud and hearty cheers, concluded with the graceful act of handing to Professor Macfarren what was nominally "a purse of 800 guineas," the gift being, however, represented by a draft for that sum. Mr H. R. Eyers then read a list of the subscribers who, though many in number, had kept their own kindly counsel with scrupulous good faith.

Professor Macfarren, in a voice broken at intervals by emotion, and amid the profound silence of the crowded room, said that if it were possible at such a time to look back on casual disappointments and on periods of non-success, this might have been less a birthday than a funeral of hopes long dead. Proceeding in a strain more cheerful though not less grave, the speaker said that those names which he had heard read were gathered "in the focus of this one heart." He spoke affectionately of Sir Julius Benedict as "the one person as much concerned in this grand demonstration" as himself. It was when advertiring to the absence of his wife (Mrs. Macfarren being at the present time in Algiers) that he was compelled by his feelings to pause, and, for some seconds, quite broke down. "Having travelled the natural course of human life," said Professor Macfarren, "I do not feel old; and I can only hope that when no longer able to perform those duties which have been to me a loving labour, I may still have strength left me to resign them." The touching close of Professor Macfarren's address of thanks was echoed by a deep murmur of applause; and Canon Duckworth presently followed with a tribute to the appropriate grace of the suggestion which had sprung from Mr Randegger and Mr Eyers. In acknowledging the compliment, Mr Randegger congratulated all who had

fallen in with the proposal on their firmness in keeping their secret to the last. His neatly-turned speech was followed by a few words of acknowledgment from Mr Eyers; and then Professor Walter Macfarren, in moving a vote of thanks to Sir Julius Benedict, said how grateful all musicians must feel to the composer of *St Cecilia* and the oratorio of *St Peter* for having so honoured the composer of *St John the Baptist*. Sir Julius briefly and cordially responded, and this long-to-be-remembered meeting then broke up.

Amongst the company present at this interesting ceremony, were—Messrs Westbrook, R. Prentice, Myles Foster, Bonamy Dobrée, J. F. H. Read, G. A. Osborne, Eaton Faning, Dr Wiel, Messrs Stanley Lucas, John Thomas, Curwen, Walter Lacy, W. F. Low, Duvivier, Rose, Hopkins, Wingham, Pezze, Holland, T. A. Wall worth, Löhr, Charles Gardiner, Ridgeway, Charles Godfrey, H. R. Rose, F. Romer, Fred. Walker, Addison, John Macfarren, Fitton, E. Aguilar, J. R. Sterndale Bennett, Deitchmann, C. Dunn, H. Gadsby, Hubert Parry, Matthay, Whitehouse, Bradbury Turner, G. E. Bainbridge, Arthur Wilson, R. George, F. Westlake, John Jay, E. Horton, Bampfylde, G. Wood, Schloesser, Dr Hopkins, Dr Llewelyn Thomas, Mdmes Goetz, Ellicott, and H. R. Eyers, Mr and Mrs Meadows White, Mr and Mrs Billinghurst, Misses Mary Davies, Zimmermann, Prescott, Macirone, Francesca J. Ferrari, Robertine Henderson, and L. Aylward.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, who, in acknowledging his self-elected position, remembers the traditions of the past, and is conscious of the requirements of the present age, undertakes no slight responsibility. Unless he be altogether destitute of reverence his mind must carry him back to days never to be forgotten, and artists ever to be remembered, who have by the power of song and poetry of motion consecrated, as it were, this site of happy memories to music and the dance. But times have changed, and we have changed with them; the people, ever ready to be amused, though better educated, are naturally more exacting; though more habitually cynical, are not, on that account, less tolerant or sympathetic. The habits of the time in which they live incline them towards an entertainment comprehensive, but never dull; varied, but never vulgar. The opportunity seems to have come for assisting the onward progress of comic opera, and for improving the status of the lighter amusements of the hour. Much has been done already, much more remains to be done; and the acquisition of such a property as Her Majesty's Theatre surely ought to be the first step towards a new departure in tasteful music, in harmonious ballet, in poetic design, and in spectacular display. Opera has elsewhere been revolutionized; Shakspere has been disinterred, and Comedy has been translated by means of careful attention to scenic details and ensemble. Why should not the same assisting force be given to those lighter and more fantastic entertainments that are the natural outcome of a more energetic but not less reflective age? Let my proposed effort contain the reply. It will be my desire to direct Her Majesty's Theatre into the channels of public usefulness, and to take all advantage of every form of modern progress connected with theatrical art. We shall, I trust, be diverting, but not irreverent; grand, but not gaudy; mirthful, but not meretricious; decorous, but not depressing. A band of tried talent, conducted by a director of acknowledged skill and experience—a ballet of beauty, displayed with costliness and magnificence—a stage set with all the grace and fancy that modern scenic art can supply—will be but the guiding force of a company, specially selected for its pungency of humour, its love of art, and its power of song.

Ambitions as may be the design, and important as it is to announce that, for the first time in its history, Her Majesty's Theatre will be open

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

yet, premising that the enterprise is at least an earnest one, and announcing that the season will commence on Monday, March 26th next, I respectfully subscribe myself—Your obedient servant,

FRED. C. LEADER.

BAYREUTH.—The death of R. Wagner will not interfere with the *Parsifal* Performances, which, as arranged by the deceased composer, will take place from the 8th to the 30th July.—In conformity with an oath, Mad. Wagner had all her hair cut off and laid in the grave with her late husband.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Beethoven's magic name drew crowds to St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon. Every seat was filled, and then there were eager applicants for admission to standing room, while many had perforce to go away disappointed. How satisfactory all this is! We need not despair of music, even in its present somewhat confused state, while the greatest of abstract works exercise so potent an attraction, and find their argument for the purity they illustrate accepted by applauding multitudes. Mr Chappell made an excellent selection from the great master's catalogue. He presented (twenty-seventh time) the Quartet in C (Op 59); the Pianoforte Sonata in F sharp (Op 78); the Variations for pianoforte and violoncello on "See the conquering hero comes;" and (forty-eighth time), the Kreutzer Sonata for piano and violin. Comment upon these works would be utterly superfluous. They are all essentially "popular," in that they belong to the great mass of amateurs rather than to the few of higher knowledge and culture, and they all speak for themselves in clear and unmistakable language. The artists engaged upon their interpretation were Miss Krebs, Herr Joachim, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, whose unvarying success was assured by the familiarity of their task. It would be difficult, without invidiousness, to single out any one of the soloists for special praise. Enough that each in turn proved worthy a place among those who enter into the mind of Beethoven. We know no better acknowledgment of merit. The songs, for some reason or other, were not by Beethoven, but the singer was Mr Santley, and that great artist's skill would have made acceptable even an inferior selection, which term cannot possibly be applied to "Revenge, Timotheus cries," Mendelssohn's "Trostung," and Gounod's "The fountain mingles with the river."

On Monday another large audience assembled, the programme being headed by a new Quintet in F, the Opus 88 of Johannes Brahms, then performed for the first time at St James's Hall. Brahms has here taken good care to assert the individuality which he possesses in so marked a degree, and uses with such judgment. By training and instinct a follower of the great classical masters, he has distinctive qualities that enable him to serve the true interests of art as few others can. These are days when men feel impatient of routine, and animated by a restlessness which often regards change as good *per se*, without reference to the circumstances involved. Recent musical history exemplifies the fact in a remarkable degree, and it is therefore most opportune that Brahms shows with commanding ability how observance of classic rules not only permits infinite variety, but is compatible with the expression of modern thought and feeling. In regard of thought and feeling, Brahms obviously belongs to the time now present, many amateurs of conservative instincts rejecting him on this account. Yet his freest utterance is based upon the recognized laws of art—laws which, it may be said, he observes in spirit without making himself a slave to their letter. This is the "ordered liberty" for which wise musical conservatism pleads, knowing that it admits of progress without incurring the risks of license. The foregoing remarks are distinctly suggested by the new quintet, since there we have ample proof of an independence manifested along with prudent restraint. It contains but three movements, the second being, in some sort, a combination of the usual slow movement and *scherzo*. When the work first appeared it was said that the feature just indicated would excite the ire of orthodox critics. We do not see why it should. Classical music offers many precedents for a movement of the kind, and even Father Haydn, whose exhaustless invention seems to have anticipated everything, did not hesitate to show a similar erratic taste, though not in the same degree. There remains to add—the addition may carry an argument with it—that the second movement is the least satisfactory; repeated interruption of a fine *Grave ed appassionato* by a less remarkable *Allegretto vivace* exciting disappointment, if not irritation. To the contrapuntal finale we pay a willing tribute of praise for its technical skill and abundant spirit; but the gem of the work is its opening *Allegro*. Herr Brahms appears in his most characteristic form and at his best. He is polyphonic without being confusing; free in his harmonic treatment, yet not guilty of solecism; and expressive of varying moods without departing from logical development. Other beauties may appear as the quintet becomes better known; meanwhile amateurs will accept it as something new and also good, essentially of the present, yet built on the firm foundation of the past. It was finely played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti, listened to with close attention, and much applauded. Monday's programme contained, also, Mozart's Divertimento in E flat, for violin, viola, and violoncello, specially to hear which, no doubt, many of the audience came, and found it again a perfect feast of melody and musicianship. How, in this series of movements, the great master declares himself—doing so, it may be, more through the very simplicity of his means, and

the apparently unstudied elegance of his expression, than he could by making ever so lavish a display of resource and grandiose effect. As performed by MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti—a combination of talent only possible in London—the divertimento was irresistible, and the audience did glad homage to its beauty, Herr Barth's reappearance gave yet further interest to this concert. Besides joining Herr Joachim in Beethoven's Sonata in G for piano and violin, the Berlin artist played Schumann's Toccata, Schubert's Impromptu in G, and Mendelssohn's Characteristic Piece in E. We admire Herr Barth most when his gentle mood prevails. His execution of Mendelssohn's piece was delightful in its crispness and delicacy; the legato of Schubert's long-drawn melody was also excellent; but the toccata, hammered out in the "blood and iron" spirit which seems to have spread from Prince Bismarck to German pianists, appeared in about the most unattractive light possible.

The vocal music of the evening had a special interest, all of it being new, and the work of English composers. First came two songs from a set of six, written by Mr F. H. Cowen, whose highest ability and most charming qualities in this particular line they serve to exemplify. Of "Absence" and "There is dew for the flow'ret," the first-named will, doubtless, become most popular, but both are full of merit. They are melodious, expressive, and masterful. The third song was Miss Maud White's "My soul is an enchanted boat," concerning which ambitious essay we have before expressed an opinion. This, as well as Mr Cowen's pieces, had the advantage of Miss Santley's rare talent, and the young lady did for them what every great gift could accomplish. Her singing of "Absence" was simply perfect in all that constitutes the highest art. Mr Cowen and Miss White accompanied their respective songs."—D. T.

MINNIE HAUKE ON SALARIES.

(From the "New York Tribune.")

Minnie Hauke is now having a few days' rest in this city before resuming her concert tour, which has been so far very successful. A Tribune reporter called on the *prima donna* at the Palmer House and found her busily engaged in arranging a week's operatic programme for the opening of the New Grand Opera-House in Minneapolis. "We will play acts of operas there," she said, "supported by some well-known singers, including Miss Litta, Sig. Baldanza, George Sweet, and also by the Mendelssohn Club of Minneapolis, a very fine body of singers."

"We expected you would sing in *Carmen*, the *Africaine*, and *Lohengrin* here this season."

"Well, I corresponded with Mr Mapleson about it, but finally the matter was dropped. I do not care for the star system, the different prices of admission, the starring of some artists at the expense of others, and other innovations of Mr Mapleson. I think the public cares much more for a well-rounded performance with good singers in every part. I sang with Mr Mapleson a few nights in New York, for the people there wanted to hear *Lohengrin* and *Africaine*, and Mapleson had nobody to fill the soprano part in these operas at that time. I also sang *Carmen*, of course, but my concert engagements prevented me from staying with Mapleson. You know, concerts pay me better than opera. You will perhaps think it strange of me to speak of financial subjects, whilst most of my sister artists are paid to come to America, not to make money, but for the sake of art, to make their farewell trips, or because they love America so dearly. But it is strange that very little is said in the papers of their artistic achievements and a great deal of the millions they make."

"You have probably seen the statement on the salaries of some of your colleagues in this morning's Tribune. Have you any objection of giving us your figures?"

"Not in the least. I will tell you all you desire," the fair Carmen remarked. "But I may just as well say now that most of the sums mentioned in the papers as being paid to artists are fictitious, and that the thousands and thousands are not so liberally paid to them as is supposed by the public. As for me, I will tell you frankly that I get from Mr Mapleson \$500 a night and all travelling expenses. In concert I get \$600 to \$800 a night, and there are agents right in Chicago who have made such engagements for me. But as all my colleagues in opera and concert get so many thousands a night, and take so many hundred thousands back to Europe, I may just as well say also that I expect to make at least a million this season, buy me a palace like Vanderbilt's, and then get a castle and an estate to it as big as Montenegro. Paper is so very patient, so very silent, that you may add as many naughts to these figures as you like."

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 130.)

XII.

After so long an absence, Cherubini, who had inspired all his brother composers and his colleagues of the Conservatory with a feeling of warm affection, was welcomed back to Paris with genuine delight, and found his return greeted with rejoicings like that of the Prodigal Son. A little friendly and affectionate ceremony was got up in the institution; a concert in which several fragments from his works were executed was extemporized; and an ovation was given him by the masters and pupils who strove with each other in displaying the satisfaction they experienced at once more seeing him among them. Féétis has related the fact, but has drawn from it conclusions which I consider too grave, if not altogether inexact; this is what he says:—

"An extemporized entertainment at the Conservatory greeted Cherubini's return to Paris. Several pieces from his operas were performed, and his entrance in the concert-room was greeted with transports of enthusiasm. This protestation on the part of all the distinguished musicians then in Paris and of the young and warm-hearted students against the imperial disfavour manifested for a great artist, far from being useful to the latter, could only do him harm. The same neglect continued to weigh him down, and his discouragement is marked very significantly in the catalogue of his works, for the years 1806, 1807, and 1808 mention only fragments of a few pages each. During all this period, a frivolous occupation grew to be a passionate pursuit with him, and caused him in some degree to forget music; it consisted in making pen-and-ink sketches, on playing cards, of figures and scenes of which the clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds, formed integral parts. He sometimes used to devote to this work seven or eight hours in a single day. These drawings, which frequently exhibited original fancy, were in much request among his friends, and enabled him to forget his sorrows."*

Féétis, I repeat, strikes me as drawing exaggerated conclusions from a fact to which he assigns an importance I can hardly allow it. People indulged in very little opposition under the Empire; those who tried it would have found themselves in rather bad odour with their master, whose anger would not have been long in declaring itself, and artists would certainly be the last persons to play this dangerous game. I must, therefore, be allowed to consider the little demonstration at the Conservatory as thoroughly innocent, purely artistic, and free from all after-thoughts of criticizing the sovereign and his actions. As for Napoleon's dislike to Cherubini personally, I have already had occasion to speak of it, but I am bound to state that, on this point, the traditions of the composer's family agree very little with what has been said by all his biographers, and that, according to these traditions, the kind of legend reared on this matter is tainted with evident exaggeration. Here is what Cherubini's grand-daughter, Mme Clémentine Duret, widow of the celebrated sculptor of that name, kindly wrote to me one day in connection with the delicate and interesting subject:†

* In a short and rapid, but singularly interesting and instructive article on Cherubini (an English version of which, by Mr George Grove, the excellent English musicographer, was published some years since in *Macmillan's Magazine*), Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the illustrious director of the Gürzenich, Cologne, who, during his long stay in France, knew the old composer very well, thus refers to this momentary passion on the latter's part:—"He devoted himself at this period to an occupation too characteristic not to be described. On entering his rooms, the visitor beheld, hung in frames against the walls, a number of pictures of all sizes. Red and black spots were more or less visible here and there, and an attentive examination was needed to account for them. These paintings were the strange productions of a taste which had then become a sort of mania with Cherubini. They represented the most fantastic figures, groups, and scenes, produced by the aid of the hearts and diamonds of playing cards, either entire or divided, according to circumstances. There were dancers with red jerkins, singers with red hats, edifices and landscapes with strange specimens of vegetation, the cards being employed either horizontally, perpendicularly, separately, or in groups, with a greater or less number of pips effaced. It was a means of spending, or, perhaps, of wasting his time. And yet these combinations of invention and calculation, this victorious search for the solution of voluntarily imposed difficulties, were very curious, and it was impossible not to discover in them a certain analogy with his musical combinations, in which every operation was destined to furnish the secret of a particular phrase, of an effect, or of a long-sustained harmony."

† Mme Duret is the daughter of Mme Turcas, previously Victori• Cherubini.

"Allusion has frequently been made to the animosity existing between the Emperor Napoleon and Cherubini. Their conversations, studded with pungent and witty remarks, have been often reproduced, but exaggerated and even misrepresented. In his old age, I have heard my grandfather express his surprise at the manner in which phrases, interchanged without any afterthought on either side between the Emperor and himself, had been reported. 'Napoleon was not fond of music,' he said, 'because he did not understand it and because the sensation it caused him resembled the effect of a noise which attacked his nerves and was disagreeable to him. The obligation he was under of listening to it,' added Cherubini, 'made him reproach me for the power of the orchestras I directed.' Hence Cherubini's reply: 'Sire, you like music which does not prevent you from thinking of affairs of State.' Cherubini went on to say: 'He asked me for music without common sense, and, as I was responsible for the organization of the concerts, I would not yield to him. He used then to get impatient at meeting with resistance on my part, and make cutting remarks which I affected not to take.'"

The traditions of the family, as I have said, disagree completely, we perceive, with the accounts put in circulation somewhat gratuitously, for so many years. I can give no more convincing proof of this than the lines the reader has just perused, and which by the way place in an exceptionally strong light the well-known independence of Cherubini's character, for we see him boldly do battle on his own ground with a man like Napoleon and refuse to make any concession.

But what becomes after this of the assertions of Féétis and all the biographers who have copied him, that the "neglect" to which Cherubini was subjected by the Emperor caused him to be so discouraged that he was disgusted with work and remained two or three years doing nothing or nearly nothing? To begin with, I beg to observe that this is not the first time we see a somewhat long break in Cherubini's career, generally so fertile and laborious. In 1801 and 1802, he produced even less than in 1806 and 1807, and in this case, as in the former one, the reason is very natural and much more simple than biographers have been willing to believe. The inactivity to which we see Cherubini at this period condemned, arose from his unsatisfactory state of health. The nervous affection to which he was always subject and which frequently exerted a baneful influence, not on his disposition, for he was at bottom good and kindly, but on his temper, sometimes manifested itself in painful and cruel paroxysms. At the period of his life we have now reached, he happened to be suffering from the effect of such a paroxysm, which was exceptionally long and the result of which was to produce a sort of gloomy humour and a thorough disgust for everything. This deplorable state, physical and moral, lasted nearly three years, and, as we shall subsequently see, terminated only after the very long stay made by Cherubini during the latter half of 1808 and the greater part of 1809, at the Prince of Caraman's Château of Chimay in Belgium.

(To be continued.)

ST PETERSBURGH.—Wilhelm von Lenz died on the 31st January, aged eighty, in the St Olga Home for Incurables. For years he had been, both physically and mentally, in a lamentable condition, owing to a succession of apoplectic fits. He was a very intellectual and highly accomplished man, and a first-rate authority on matters connected with Beethoven, being the author of the celebrated book, *Beethoven et ses trois Styles* (1853), a German version of which was published by Hoffmann & Campe, Hamburg. It was also translated into various other languages. The *St Petersburger Zeitung* says, when speaking of him, "Despite of almost superabundant and comprehensive intellectual and social gifts, Lenz wanted that truth of conviction and power of moral resistance in his conduct which are regarded by many as so much useless ballast, but which alone can ensure the safety of the frail bark of man's destiny on the troubled sea of existence."

† Here is what I find entered in his catalogue for these two years: "1806. 'Credo' for eight voices and organ. I insert this piece here as I terminated it in Paris this year. It was commenced in Italy in 1778 or 1779.—'Air à écho,' composed in Paris for a large barrel organ called the *Panharmonicon*.—'Credimi si mio sole,' reit. and air composed in Paris for Crescentini.—1807. 'Chœur et mélodrame,' composed in Paris for an opera I did not finish.—*Un Recueil de canons*, for 2, 3, and 4 voices, composed at different times, counting from 1779 down to the present year. It would be difficult, and even impossible to give the precise date of each canon."

Gog and Magog.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—What Richard could never manage to do while alive, restlessly and energetically promulgating his doctrines, and preaching the gospel of what Eduard Hanslick styled (1876) "the first Bayreuthiad," he has succeeded in accomplishing now that he is dead. For a time, at least, he has silenced his most strenuous opponents. These are mourning over his grave—certain Parisian, and otherwise French, journalists excepted, who will never forget his doggerel poem ridiculing the vanquished in the great struggle of 1870-1, between Teuton and Gaul. Such was his revenge for the reception of *Tannhäuser*, on that memorable occasion, when Napoleon III. ogled the Princess Metternich, who sat in a box exactly opposite that in which the party Imperial were located, insinuating by significant gestures—"Ce n'est pas ma faute"; while the "gants jaunes" hooted and bellowed as the opera proceeded, although Wagner (by the advice, it is said, and may be well believed, of that "vieux renard," Daniel François Esprit Auber), composed expressly for them about the ugliest ballet music probably ever written, in contempt of a formality which, though a *sine quid non* to Parisian "Lions," Wagner always held in pure abhorrence. The revenge taken by the Parisian *bourgeois* (not the "Lions"), after Wagner's scurrilous diatribe, was to create an idol for themselves, out of Hector Berlioz, whom they had previously looked upon, for more than one reason, and among them his critical intolerance of all existing operatic music, French and Italian (Auber being representative of one school, Rossini of the other)—with immeasurable aversion. Now the war is carried on no longer by two Imperial monarchs, but by the worshippers of two representative musicians, Wagner and Hector Berlioz—Hector, in this case, according to French unanimous conviction, being the real and legitimate Achilles. Why Berlioz should have so hardened his heart against Wagner during the *Tannhäuser* period, is difficult to explain; because, if he was not a Wagnerite, surely Wagner was a Berliozite. The latter, in short, considering how much Wagner owed to the laboriously constructed Berlioz Orchestra, "under the ruins of which (as we read in *Oper und Drama*) its inventor lies irretrievably buried," is more likely to claim honours, as originator. The time to solve emphatically the Wagnerian question, however, is not yet at hand. We must wait a little before it can be decided whether the German or the French Frankenstein has shaped and vivified the more formidable monster. With your permission I shall return to the subject, which is just now a question of life or death for art.—Yours obediently,

ALBERTUS MINIMUS.

Bamberg, March 4th.

MOSCOW.—The first act and prologue of Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, followed by a new ballet, *Night and Day*, have been selected for the gala performance in honour of the Imperial coronation. A number of the members of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, St Petersburg, will come over for the occasion. During the whole time of the festivities the operas performed will all be by Russian composers, and will include A. Rubinstein's *Demon*. The total amount expended upon the coronation will, it is estimated, be no less than eleven million roubles.

BRUSSELS.—The present season has been particularly rich in high-class musical entertainments; and, amongst the number, those of Joseph Wieniawski stand forth prominently. Added to perfect technique, this pianist displays an intimate knowledge of the works of classical composers, while as an interpreter of Chopin he may fairly claim to belong to the foremost rank. The programme of M. Wieniawski's concert (Jan. 22nd) contained, besides pieces by Bach, Weber, and Mozart, a violin sonata of his own composition, which, being both brilliant and melodious, called forth loud applause. The programme of M. Wieniawski's second concert (Jan. 30th) contained three pianoforte concertos: Schumann's (Op. 54), Litolff's "Dutch," and one by himself. As is well known, the two first mentioned make enormous demands on the artist, and any praise we could bestow would be faint compared with the fact that the celebrated pianist played them by heart. As to his own composition, it is a powerful work, in which the most advanced technique is combined with true and noble sentiment. After each performance M. Wieniawski was enthusiastically re-called.—ERIMER.

A BUDGET OF NEWS.
(From an old Correspondent.)

The Operahouse at Toronto has been destroyed by fire. How many more such "casualties" are we to expect?—"Casualties," by the way, that due precaution might evade. Happily in this instance no lives were forfeited.—Spohr's *Jessonda*, next to *Faust*, his dramatic masterpiece, has been revived at the Berlin Royal Opera, meeting with a cordial reception, not a little of which was due to Mdme Sachse-Hofmeister who personified the heroine.—Anton Rubinstein's sacred opera (pass the phrase) has been performed by the Vocal Association in Basle. You have heard that "sacred opera" at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.—The Municipal Council of Frankfort-on-the-Maine have voted a "subvention" of 80,000 marks for the Stadttheater in that once "free city."—M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, of which not long since, Mr Gye offered an Italian version to the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera, has been given at the Theatre Royal in Munich, with what success at present appears doubtful.—A new Vocal Association, named the "Cercle-choral-Terry," has been instituted at Liege.—For the first time during a long period Herr Joseph Joachim has again played at Erfurt, taking part in one of the concerts of the local Musical Union. That he was welcomed with enthusiasm can surprise no one.—They have revived Gluck's *Armida* at the Stadttheater, Königsberg, with eminent success. When are we to hear that masterpiece in England? Never, it is to be feared, unless the enterprising Carl Rosa takes it in hand, the Italian Opera being now a monopoly, and the Germans, since the Wagner unremunerative triumphs, invading us like the armed swarms of Alaric.—In consequence of an epidemic of colds, coughs, influenza, &c., all the leading members of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, were more or less disabled, and during a whole fortnight no musical performance could be held.—Prince Troubetskoi's ballet, *Galathea*, (brought out at Vienna last year) is to be one of the attractions during the gorgeous festivities in honour of the Coronation of the Czar.—Mdme Marie Fechter, daughter of the late Charles Fechter, whom we all remember so well at the Princess's and Lyceum Theatres, is to be married on the 26th inst., to her cousin, M. Henri Porée.—Marie Säss, precursor of Mdme Krauss as tragedy-operatic-queen at the Paris Grand Opera, and original representative "creator" as the term goes, (though it might be imagined that the real "creators" were the poet and composer), of Selika, in the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, contemplates resuming her histrionic career at the shadowy-defined "Opéra Populaire," on behalf of which there have been so many strenuous critical utterances—and no wonder, seeing that many of the Parisian journalists are also composers with operas in their portfolios.—Mdme Carlotta Patti (sister of Adelina)—with her husband, M. de Munck, one of the chief Belgian violoncellists belonging to the school, and preserving the style of the late master, Servais—has returned from Russia, where she has given many remunerative concerts.—Yet another new oratorio, on a sufficiently used up subject, *Der Fall Jerusalems*, from the pen of Herr Blumner (not altogether unknown to fame), has created a certain interest among musical circles in Germany. How many times more will Jerusalem fall, to say nothing of Babylon, to which Spohr gave the finishing touch, until Rubinstein (Anton)—as Percy Bysshe Shelley has it—"Saw, as from a tower, the end of all;" it is difficult to guess. By the way, Rubinstein has finished and published his new ballet, *Die Rebe*.—Angelo Neumann, with his *Ring des Nibelungen*, has not yet favoured us here. Will he come? is now the question. I think it unlikely; although it is affirmed in certain quarters that he has an eye upon Ghent, Louvain, and Verviers, where, perhaunter, he may encounter with the ghosts of Henri Vieuxtemps.—Your servant, as of yore,

COVENTRY FISH.

(We have heard some of this news already; but as it is agreeably related, we give our readers the benefit of it.—D.B.)

HAMBURGH.—Herr Pollini was the first German manager to give a commemorative performance in honour of R. Wagner. The programme included *Tannhäuser*, and the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*. Between the two, there was a "scenic epilogue," written by Dr Adolf Philipp and recited by Herr W. Hock, in the dark costume of a German herald of the olden-time. The whole wound up with the "Funeral March" from *Die Göterdämmerung*.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON
(LAST BUT ONE)
 Will take place on **MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1883,**
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Trio, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, first time (Schumann)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Joachim and Piatti; Songs, "Better far," "Parted presence," and "If love were what the rose is" (Cowell)—Miss de Fonblanche; Andante and Variations, in E flat (Mendelssohn), and Rhapsodie, in G minor (Brahms), for pianoforte alone—Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

PART II.—Duo Concertante, in G minor, Op. 39, for two violins (Spohr)—MM. Joachim and Strauss; Song, "Al desio" (Mozart)—Miss de Fonblanche; Quintet, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Strauss, Zerbini, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, MARCH 10, 1883
(LAST BUT ONE),
 To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in A major, Op. 18, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Strauss, Zerbini, and Piatti; Air, "Erbarbe dich, mein Gott," St Matthew's Passion (Bach)—Mdme Max Bruch—violin obbligato, Mdme Norman-Néruda; Andante and Poénase, in E flat, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone, first time (Chopin)—Herr Barth; Kol Nidre, Hebrew melody for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Max Bruch)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Question" (Max Bruch) and "Der Müller und der Bach" (Schubert)—Mdme Max Bruch; Trio, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Herr Barth, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Herr MAX BRUCH.

DEATH.

On the 3rd of March, the Rev. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, Mus. Doc., Oxon, rector of Mistley-with-Bradfield, Essex, aged 47 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DREXEL.—Miss Mackenzie gained the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship previously to Miss Thudichum.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

HANSLICK ON RICHARD WAGNER.*

The intelligence of Richard Wagner's sudden death painfully surprised and shocked our musical circles. Though it was scarcely to be expected that, in the course of nature, a man of seventy would extend the proud series of his works and raise his fame still higher than it was—the disappearance of so unusual an individuality is, and will be, a heavy loss. Directly this man merely showed himself, he gave rise to excitement, commotion, and animated discussion, which, from the centre of art, spread out in ever-extending circles to all the departments of culture. Wherever the magic wand of his acts and will struck the ground, a concealed problem forthwith bubbled forth. If it is a mark of an artist's power to open up fresh paths, that beyond the immediate aesthetic impression he produces provokes questions of principle, Wagner stands at the head of the motive forces in modern art. For quite forty years he has been before the world. He shook up opera, with all the theoretical and practical questions attached to it, out of a state of easy-going stagnation—we can only hope that the hull which has naturally supervened will not lead us back to stagnation again. When a man enjoys such far-

-reaching influence and unexampled success, he leaves behind him, if suddenly carried off not out of a state of mental paralysis, but in the full possession of his energies, a yawning gap, deeply felt both by friends and opponents. Wagner had no opponents, however, in the sense of absolute hostile one-sidedness; we have never met with a musician so incapable or so swayed by passion as not to acknowledge Wagner's brilliant gifts and marvellous art; to undervalue Wagner's enormous influence; or even, while owning his antipathy, to steel himself against what was great and genial in Wagner's later works. Wagner was opposed but never disowned. Though agreeing with us that, with the theoretically fine-drawn method, obstinately carried out, of his last style, Wagner forced opera into a most wrong and dangerous path, no one will fail to perceive with admiration that Wagner himself constructed that dizzy path exclusively by his own efforts; that he created a new species—a new art. While bowing to the boldness and consistency of this new art, we do not enlist under its banners, or for one moment become unfaithful to the "old" art of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. Any attempt to appreciate accurately Wagner's importance in the history of art we must postpone to a period of greater calm. Still, deeply participating in the existing excitement, we will to-day merely point out the real meaning of that so often misunderstood word "opposition," and state that there is no "factious opposition" to Wagner, but simply to the Wagnerites. Among these, too, a milder and more moderate tone may possibly prevail—not to-day, perhaps, but at some no distant time. One thing must be like a gentle hand soothing their grief, and that is the thought of the enviable and beautiful death allotted the master. The saying of the Greek poet, "Whom the gods love die young," is only half true. We consider those mortals more happy who, like Wagner, after attaining a great age and great honours, pass away, free from infirmity, joyfully and without presentiment. Yes, happy was the mode of Wagner's death. A few months ago it fell to his lot to call his last new work into life at Bayreuth; day by day to exult in his own vigour, and to bask in the full sunshine of such a success as never before shone upon an artist of any age or nation. We recollect how we saw him last there, on the balcony of his "Festival Play-House"—which will soon be no more than a historical monument—joyously triumphant in the power of his all-subduing will; and it is thus that we would preserve the recollection of him in our mind. And if any one bids us look back on his earthly weaknesses and passions, we find no longer a trace of them in our memory; for, as Grillparzer says: "Death is like the lightning's flash, which transfigures those whom it destroys."

ED. HANSLICK.

WAGNERIANA.

Writing, on the 8th January, to a young Vienna author, to decline an opera-libretto the latter had forwarded him, Wagner gave the following reasons for so doing:—

"Why? Because I have, indeed, read your libretto; I have, indeed, tested it; and I have, indeed, found it good—but not so good that, for it, I should suddenly prove false to principle to which I have remained true for nearly a whole generation, the principle, namely, of writing my music-dramas myself. At any rate, I save money by this—for you must know I am a great miser! If you come to Venice you will be able to convince yourself that your somewhat voluminous manuscript is in good company—it has, in my library of librettos sent to me, the number of 2,985. A respectable figure, is it not, my young friend?"

A very intimate friend of Richard Wagner's who, like the composer, resided in the Palazzo Vendramin, says, in a letter to the *Berliner Montagsblatt*, that, on the 12th February, Wagner was in high, nay, boisterous spirits; at dinner he sang, and was exceedingly humorous. During the meal, his friend complained of being unwell, and Wagner insisted that he should at once go and lie down. He accompanied him to his room, and, standing at the open doorway, sang, with a profusion of the most comical obeisances imaginable, the air: "Wünsche Ihnen wohl zu ruhen" ("Presto, presto, andata a letto") from *Il Barbiere*. . . . At the same hour next day, the friend was well again, and Wagner—dead.

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

In Memoriam.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Born at Leipzig, May 22, 1813. Died at Venice, Feb. 13, 1883.

O master Mind just passed away ! A wealth
Of noble thought and melody divine
Is all that our bereaved hearts can claim—
And all was thine :

And all was thine—the genius to conceive,
The power to execute, the unconquered will
That felt, in spite of taunt and scoff, it must
Its aim fulfil.

A beauteous heritage thou leavest us,
That makes the memory rich with its glad store,
And makes the thoughts fly back to wondrous scenes,
And con them o'er.

We hear again the Singer's noble strains
That won his Love in mediæval time,
Or see the contrite pilgrim expiate
In death his crime.

We see the patriot fall his land to save ;
Or follow on his wanderings lone and drear
The mystic seaman ; or the impassioned love
Of Tristan hear.

Yet dearer strains the memory awakes,
And holier visions cross the fancy's flight,
Where Lohengrin comes forth for outraged Truth
And Love to fight.

Aye, Love ! Therein the true key-note is struck
Of every character our thoughts recall ;—
Love all absorbing—Love that all endures—
Love conquering all !

We look again—the rosy light of morn
Illumes Brünnhilde's hair and upturned brow ;
We share with her the fervour and the truth
Of Siegfried's vow.

Or, leaving far the legends of the gods,
Turn we to that most fair and thrice-told tale,
Which thou in fresh guise hast made all thine own—
The Holy Grail :

Thy latest work—a worthy sequel this
To all the fair creations of thy mind ;
The worthiest too, methinks, of all the works
Thou leav'st behind.

Nor yet, with three score years and ten, the span
Of time allotted by the sage of yore,
Was thy great life's work ended, for thou still
Hadst given us more—

Hadst left a further legacy to fame,
And wreathed another laurel o'er thy brow,
Had He, who gave the immortal gift of Song,
Not called thee now.

CONSTANCE BACHE.

MUNICH.—A series of performances which will embrace all Wagner's operas, will be given after Easter at the Theatre Royal. The bill of each performance will contain a statement of the number of times the opera for the night has been given in this capital, together with the date of every representation.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Theodor Vollmer, the present Hoftheater director and intendant of the Grand Ducal Courttheater and Courtorchestre at Schwerin, will, at the close of this season, retire into private life, after a highly successful and laborious career of upwards of forty years' connection with the stage and management of theatres. He will shortly publish (in Berlin) his memoirs, and, from his diary, a history of the Frankfort Theatre, of which, from 1850 to 1880, he was connected, as artist, stage-manager, and director.—At the Frankfort Operahouse *La Sonnambula* has been revived, with Mdme Schröder and Mr Candus as the lovers—an acceptable change after a whole week of Wagner.—The eleventh Museums' Concert of Friday brought out three new works.

THE KENNEDY FAMILY IN LONDON.

The visit of this talented family to the metropolis, *en route* for Melbourne, was an event of considerable interest to Scotsmen settled in London. Nor is this to be wondered at. A Scotsman's patriotism does not evaporate with distance from his native land. Unlike the Hebrew exile by the waters of Babylon, he does not hang his harp on a metaphorical willow, but cherishes the deepest reverence for the "auld Scots sang," and "a Nicht wi' the Jacobites" or "a Nicht wi' Burns" is sufficient to attract him from all points of the compass. It is now a generally accepted fact that Mr Kennedy occupies the unique place so long held by those twin delineators of the Scottish Muse, John Templeton and the late John Wilson. Like Saul among the prophets, he stands head and shoulders above all his compeers; and, whether in the realm of humour or tender pathos, his sheer individuality dominates the platform and captivates his audience. His clever family give valuable assistance, which we would not underestimate; but it must be confessed that the entertainment without its chief would be like the play of *Hamlet* without its leading character. His reputation is now world-wide, and wherever he goes a warm reception awaits him. On Friday evening, therefore, we were not surprised to find St James's Hall filled with an enthusiastic audience to spend "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites," and the advent of Mr Kennedy on the platform was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause, which spoke volumes for the warmth of his reception. Commencing his narrative with the first Rebellion of 1689, he kept the interest unbroken to the end. His illustrations in this entertainment, with perhaps the single exception of "Bonnie Dundee" (his opening song), are all of a broadly humorous character, and afford wide scope for his genuine ability. So thoroughly does he identify himself with the Highlander in his contempt for "The wee, wee German Lairdie," that we seem to see the First of the Georges shrivel up into his Hessian boots; and in "The Women are a' gane wud," we are introduced to a piece of genuine comedy acting of the first order. "Johnnie Cope" next figures on the canvas, and the brush of satire is laid on with no unsparing hand. In "Hame cam oor Gudeman at e'en" a climax is reached, which is sustained till the last squeak of "Allister Macallister's" bagpipe is heard. In the latter song the wonderful versatility of Mr Kennedy is brought into prominent relief. It is but bare justice to note the improvement all round in the younger members of the family. In all that Miss Helen did she unmistakably won the sympathies of her audience, and the same may be said with regard to Miss Marjory; while Miss Maggie, the youngest of the trio, bids fair to follow in the footsteps of her sisters. Mr Robert shows a most marked advance in culture, his "March of the Cameron Men" (*canto fermi* accompaniment by Mr Kennedy) taking the house by storm, and an encore was the inevitable result.

On Tuesday night "A Nicht wi' Burns," as was anticipated, filled the house to overflow, the orchestra being requisitioned to accommodate those who would not be turned away from the doors. It was evident that this fact had a reflex influence on the "Grand Old Man," for he was in splendid *feckle*. Beginning with a short biographical sketch of Scotia's Bard, he appropriately introduced the various songs, all drawn from the repertory of Burns. In this programme, the pathetic was judiciously sandwiched with the humorous, thus affording a wider range for estimating the remarkable powers of Mr Kennedy than that of Friday night. The large-souled and intensely human song of independence, "A Man's a man for a' that," was the first selection. Point after point was emphasised by Mr Kennedy with genuine feeling until the wish of universal brotherhood was reached,

" When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

"To Mary in Heaven," recited with exquisite tenderness, formed a fitting prelude to "Highland Mary," every note being sung as if the artist was the bereaved one. In striking contrast with this was Mr Kennedy's next effort, a delicious reading of the "Address to the Haggis," which brought vividly before the mind of

expatriated Scotsmen the steaming savoury king o' dishes, and almost affected the olfactory nerves of his auditors. Then followed "The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," which baffles description. This is one of those songs that is racy of the soil, and can only have full justice done to it by an artist to the manner born. The audience were fairly roused to enthusiasm as Mr Kennedy, suiting the action to the word, literally danced across the platform with the imaginary Exciseman pinned to his back. Nor was this fervour allowed to cool, "Scots whae hae," given as only Mr Kennedy can give it, reproducing the excitement. We could not help thinking that many of our artists who attempt this war-song of Scotland would have done well to have been present on this occasion. Wisely declining an encore, and with only a few minutes' breathing space afforded by a selection of reels and strathspeys, excellently played on one piano by Miss Helen and Miss Marjory, the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was reached. No need for the word of caution that the poem might be unfolded without interruption. The audience seemed under a spell while Mr Kennedy graphically portrayed the stirring and weird adventures of the immortal Tam o' Shanter. From the symposium scene, where Tam and the landlady grow gracious, to the improving moral, not a whisper could be heard. Unquestionably the conviction was born in upon the mind that Mr Kennedy would have taken high rank "on the boards" had he chosen that walk in life. Our extended notice has left us little space to dwell on the efforts of Mr Kennedy's gifted son and daughters. If we would single out the gem of the evening it would be the exquisite duet, "Ae fond kiss," finely rendered by Miss Helen and Mr Robert, the blending of their voices giving evidence of earnest practice. Next we would mention the ever-verdant "Ye banks and braes," set as a trio, capitally given by the three sisters, and among the solos Miss Marjory in "Last May a braw wooer," and Robert in "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," won golden opinions. There was only one alteration made in the programme, the substitution of "The March of the Cameron Men" for "My Love is like a red, red rose," and its reception proved the wisdom of the change, being tumultuously encored. "Auld lang syne" brought the entertainment to a fitting conclusion, which was heartily sung by the audience upstanding, the wish being silently, but not the less fervently, felt, that a safe and speedy journey to the Antipodes be vouchsafed to the Kennedy family.—WETSTAR.

CONCERTS.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The afternoon concerts this season prove more attractive than heretofore, large audiences being the rule, even in the worst of weather. This need not be matter of surprise considering the general excellence of the performances, the sterling interest of the programmes, their moderate length, and the accessibility of St James's Hall. Last Saturday brought back Mdlme Norman-Néruda whose refined expression, specially displayed in Spohr's violin quartet, (No 1 of Op. 58), repeated in consequence of its success at a recent evening concert. Mdlme Marie Krebs was again the pianist, her solo pieces being the first and second of the "posthumous" Studies of Mendelssohn (Op. 104), in which the lady's technical skill was manifested; her co-operation with Mdlme Néruda in Mozart's duet sonata in B flat (the 36th in Von Köchel's catalogue), leaving nothing to be desired. The two artists were associated with Mr Hollander and Signor Piatti in Brahms' G minor quartets, which has now been given ten times. Miss Santley sang with graceful expression, Gluck's "Spiege amate," and Mr A. Cecil's "Children."

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—A concert in commemoration of St David's Day was given at the Albert Hall on March 1 by Mr William Carter, who, *more suo*, presented a mixed bill of fare to his patrons, numerous popular airs of Wales being interspersed with operatic and ballad vocalisms by Mdlme Marie Roze, Mr Vernon Rigby, and others. The miscellaneous character of the programme had its usual effect in attracting a considerable audience, and though St David was not honoured so exclusively as he is at St James's Hall when the enterprising Mr Ambrose Austin takes in hand one of these patron saints, there was enough of the national element in the scheme to inflame and satisfy the Welshmen present, even though the leek was obscured every now and then by other symbols. The offerings tendered on account of St David consisted of the airs which are generally considered representative of the art and lyrical humour of the principality, and such songs as "The Blackbird" (Y Fwlchen), "The miller's daughter," "The ash grove," "David of the white rock" (Dafydd y gareg wen), "If she were mine" (Fe cawn i hon),

and the inevitable "Men of Harlech," "The Cambrian plume," and "Jenny Jones," as sung by Mdlme Edith Wynne, Mdlme Enriquez, Miss Helen Meason, Miss Patti Winter, Mr James Sauvage, and Mr Redfern Hollins, could but be hailed with delight and enthusiasm by the Welsh section of the visitors present. It must be confessed, however, that St David had a powerful opponent in Mdlme Marie Roze, whose charming singing of "Robert toi que j'aime" invoked another kind of allegiance, which was strengthened still further by her prominent brilliancy in the well known *Rigoletto* quartet, "Un di si ben rammentomi" and the "Miserere" scena from the *Trovatore*. Mr Vernon Rigby sang Brinley Richards' graceful song, "Anita;" Signor Foli, a new song by Tito Mattei, "Death or glory," (in which he was accompanied by the composer), Mendelssohn's buffo air, "I'm a roamer;" and Mr Redfern Hollins "The Bay of Biscay"—all far removed from the scent and sentiment of the Welsh mountains. Besides these pleasant and ever acceptable matters, "The spinning wheel" quartet from *Martha*, and a violin solo by Herr Poznanski, were included in the miscellaneous list, nor should it be unmentioned that Mr William Carter's new and interesting songs, "I had a lily pure and white," and "Loved for ever," were sung by Miss Patti Winter and Mdlme Enriquez. The performances of Mr Carter's choir were conspicuous features during the evening, and hardly less so, so far as it was concerned, the band of the Scots Guards, which headed the concert with Auber's overture to *Le lac des fées*, the second part with Weber's overture to *Silvana*, and finally joined the choir and the grand organ in an imposing setting of "The Men of Harlech."

THE MISSES NELLIE AND KATE CHAPLIN gave their annual concert of vocal and instrumental music on Tuesday evening, March 6, at the Athenaeum, Camden Road, assisted by the following artists—Misses Ellen Marchant and Clara Leighton, Senorita Lucia Carreras, Mr Henry Guy (a worthy substitute for Mr Dudley Thomas, who was prevented from appearing through indisposition) and Mr F. Connery, the conductors being Mr George Gear and Mr Farquharson Walenn. A well-balanced programme opened with the Minuet and Finale from Beethoven's Sonata in G, for violin and pianoforte (Op. 30), given in fine style by the concert-givers, and for their subsequent effort, a duet for pianoforte and violin by Osborne and De Beriot, Fantasia *William Tell*, they were loudly applauded. Miss Nellie Chaplin also gave token of advancing culture by her execution of the first movement of Schumann's Concerto in A minor (the orchestral parts being well played on the harmonium by Mr C. Trew) and in the duet for two pianofortes, "Danse Macabre" (Saint-Saëns), her able coadjutor in the latter being the accomplished Mr George Gear, while Miss Kate further exhibited her ripening powers over the instrument of her predilection in violin solos by Wieniawski. Miss Ellen Marchant was heard to advantage in two new songs by Mr Gear (who accompanied), "She is far from the land" and "Sweet visions," and, in the second part, Pinsuti's "Minute Gun." Miss Clara Leighton was loudly encored for "O Luce di quest'anima" (Donizetti), and in response gave "Somewhere." The "Ave Maria" of Gounod, selected for her second appearance, was tastefully sung, the violin and harmonium accompaniment being contributed by Miss Kate Chaplin and Mr Trew. Senorita Carreras received a re-call for her quaint rendering of Spanish songs, and joined Mr Henry Guy in Lucatoni's duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Mr Frank Connery, in "A Winter Story" (Michael Watson) and "Three Merry Men" (Molloy), pleased greatly, receiving an encore for his first song, and Mr Henry Guy exerted himself like a thorough artist in all that was set down for him. Special mention should be made of the finished style in which he sang Beethoven's "Adelaide." A capital entertainment was brought to a close with Pinsuti's "Good Night," by Misses Leighton and Marchant, Messrs Henry Guy and Connery.

MR OSCAR BERINGER gave his sixth annual Pianoforte Recital on Monday afternoon, March 5th, at St James's Hall, assisted by Messrs Franklin Taylor and Walter Bache (pianoforte), Messrs Josef Ludwig, Emil Mahr, Val Nicholson, and Von der Fink (violin), Messrs H. Krause and W. H. Hill (viola), Messrs C. Ould and O. Lee (violincello), Messrs J. Reynolds and A. C. White (contra bass), Mr Frederic King (vocalist). The following is the programme:

Fantasia, Op. 77 (Beethoven), Mr Oscar Beringer; Grand Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11 (Schumann), Mr Oscar Beringer; Recit., "Forier di morte," and Aria, "Oh! tu bell astro," *Tannhäuser* (Wagner), Mr Frederic King; Concerto, for three pianos, in C major, with double quintet accompaniment (Bach), Messrs Franklin Taylor, Walter Bache, and Oscar Beringer (conductor, Mr August Manns); Nocturne in G major, Op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo in B minor, Op. 20 (Chopin), Mr Oscar Beringer; Songs, "Desolate," "A curious circumstance" (Oscar Beringer), Mr Frederic King; Spanische Romanze, *Der Contrabandiste* (Schumann), *Pasterale*, and *Capriccio* (Scarlati), Ungarische Zigeunerweisen (Carl Tausig), Mr Oscar Beringer. Mr August Manns conducted.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—At the meeting of the Glee Club on Tuesday, Feb. 20, at the Crown Hotel, there was a large attendance, Mr H. Redgrave in the chair. The glee and part-songs were much applauded. One of the greatest successes was in the second part of the programme, being a selection from Hatton's *Robin Hood*. The introduction, by Messrs Quarterman and Elgar, was greatly appreciated. Mr Dyson had an enthusiastic encore for "Under the greenwood tree," and repeated it. The solo parts were well sung by Messrs Pedley, Dyson, and Milward. The choruses were also well rendered. The usual glee party was assisted by a few friends. The weekly meeting of the Unicorn Hotel Glee Club on the same evening was devoted to Scotch music, which caused a large influx of visitors, the room being full. The musical staff did all in their power to make the evening a success, and the company most enthusiastically expressed their appreciation of their efforts, every piece being encored. It would be difficult to say which of the glee were sung the best, they were all so good. The fourth of the "Saturday Evening Concerts" was held at the Public Hall on Saturday. The concert was varied by the pianoforte playing of Messrs Wolstenholme and Warmington and recitations by Miss Ainslie, who, considering her age, displayed an astonishing amount of composure. Mr A. R. Quarterman, as usual, officiated as director, and played the accompaniments.

AYLSHAM.—A grand sacred and secular concert was given in the Town Hall on Monday, Feb. 26, by the Norwich Quartet Party. The hall was completely filled with a select and appreciative audience, including most of the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Where all did so well it would be invidious to particularise, but special mention might be made of the singing of Mr S. Hewson, of Norwich Cathedral, in Handel's "He was despised," of Mr D. Clabburn's rendering of "Comfort ye my people," and of Mr R. Mallett's delivery of Kingston Rudd's new song, "I'll never love thee more." Mr A. S. Wilde made an efficient accompanist.

CORK.—The last Orchestral Union Concert for the season was given on the evening of March the 5th before a large and fashionable audience. The concert opened with Schubert's brilliant overture *Alfonso and Estrella*. A duet, "Love and War," sung by Mr W. Ellis and Mr Waters was well rendered, Mr Ellis being afterwards very successful in "On Angel's Wings." He possesses a powerful tenor voice with capabilities of rendering with effect passages requiring softness and expression. He also gave "Good bye," (Tosti) in a finished manner. Miss Isabella Bramble was charming in the recitative "O worse than death," and the air, "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's *Theodora*. The novelty of the concert was Mr F. H. Cowen's *suite de ballet*, "The language of the flowers," performed for the first time in Ireland. It is arranged in six movements illustrative of the symbolic emotions of six flowers, Daisy, (Innocence); Lilac, (First Emotions of Love); Fern, (Fascination); Columbine, (Folly); Yellow Jasmine, (Elegance and Grace); and the Lily of the Valley, (Return of Happiness). The motto and quotations are supposed to convey the ideas intended to be shown by the music. The entire work was done full justice to by the orchestra under the able management of the conductor and promoter of the concerts, Mr W. Ringrose Atkins.

BRIGHTON.—Mdme Helen Hopekirk was the pianist at the Aquarium Concert last Saturday, and the singer Miss Agnes Larkcom, assisted by the Aquarium Band, under the conductorship of Mr J. Greebe. Mdme Hopekirk contributed Chopin's "Andante Spianato," "Polonaise," and "Berceuse in D flat"; Schubert-Liszt's "Auf Dem Wasser," and Scharwenka's "Staccato Study." Her playing was much appreciated by the audience. Miss Larkcom sang "Going to Market," "Lo, here the gentle lark" (encored), and "Tit for Tat." The band selections were, as usual, well played, and added much to the success of the concert. At the vocal and instrumental concert this Saturday afternoon the vocalists will be Miss Agnes Larkcom and Miss Mary Myers.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Dome last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Band of Hope and Gospel Temperance Union. The vocalists were Misses Darlington and A. Smith, Messrs W. Ainsworth and A. Constable. Miss Darlington obtained a hearty encore for "A Winter Story," her other contribution being "The Gates of the West." Miss A. Smith sang "The Merchant of Cheap-side" and "Good-Night"; Mr Ainsworth gave "The Harbour Lights at Sea" and "The Village Blacksmith"; and Mr Constable "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" (encored) and "For ever and for ever." The instrumental selections were two violin solos by Mr J. M. Gray, and three organ solos by Mr Arthur F. Burton, one—selections from *Patience*—being encored. Two recitations by Mr Frank Hollands were included in the programme, namely, "The Convict's Escape" and "The Lifeboat," and between the parts Miss Halloway, a little maiden of six years, gave a "temperance" recitation.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

So great, it is said, was the public desire to attend the second concert of this society, given in St James's Hall on Thursday evening, that the privileges usually extended to the press and the profession were much curtailed. It would be an interesting exercise to divine a reason for this, without first looking at the programme—to consider, for example, whether the performances have so much improved as to be a sufficient explanation; whether the society's offer to sell its fellowship at five guineas a piece has met with a large number of acceptances from eccentric persons fond of dignities that are not dignified; or whether its sudden affection for musical revolutionaries has brought their followers around it in a state of gasping surprise and ebullient enthusiasm. Looking at the programme of Thursday evening there is no scope for speculation, inasmuch as Señor Sarasate figured there, associated with Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and one or two attractive solos of a less important kind. The Spanish artist had not appeared since 1879, but few had forgotten the charm of his playing, marked as it then was by perfect technical skill, and such a power of expressing the gentler moods of music as can be most readily appreciated by the greatest number. Señor Sarasate is eminently a popular player. He combines with miracles of execution a susceptibility to emotionalism far more readily appreciated and responded to by the general public than is the profound intellectuality of Herr Joachim. The Spaniard catches and reflects the outward expression of the music he interprets; the Hungarian penetrates to its source, revealing the secret to all discerning eyes. We do not put forth this comparison as derogatory. Both men are great artists, whom we are glad to have amongst us, and by whose administrations we cannot fail to benefit. Señor Sarasate had an enthusiastic reception, and elicited, by the rendering of the concerto, overwhelming applause, again and again renewed. We endorse the public verdict upon a fine effort of skill and taste, finished, in all save the slow movement, to the last degree, and endowed with irresistible fascination. The accomplished artist played, later on, a nocturne by Chopin and a Spanish dance from his own pen. Bach and Raff supplied the two chief orchestral works; the first contributing one of his two suites in D, the second his "Im Walde" symphony. A greater contrast could not have been presented, and it says much for the wide scope of music that both works lie fairly within its domain and can be appreciated by every eclectic taste. Bach's vigorous, healthy, and profoundly skilful music appealed to the sense like a bracing breeze, while it delighted the mind by the harmony of its proportions and the ingenuity of its treatment. Raff's symphony, though modern in character, and of that secondary order which aims to suggest exterior things, contains three movements that can be heard and enjoyed without painfully questioning how far the "tone-pictures" are true. Each of these sections contains a rich store of music that needs no programme—that is, in fact, all the worse for having a programme, as some fables lose their suggestiveness when we learn their specific moral. The last movement damages the whole. Raff could not keep out of hurly-burly. Even in the scented woodlands he must brew the "hell-broth" with unholy ingredients and poison the atmosphere with foul fumes. Hence we have a spectral hunt and what not beside that calls for noises. As in the *finale* of his *Leonore*, Raff supplies these with a liberal hand, but we do not hesitate to declare that they are an insult to the art which has gone before, and fit only for the burlesque terrors of pantomime. The performance, not only of "Im Walde," but of the suite, left much to desire. Technically, it was unfinished; artistically, it had little coherence or definitiveness of purpose. The vocalist, Mdme Rose Hersee, sang "Dove sono" and "Where the bee sucks," and the entire concert was under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, whose earnest efforts deserved the reward of more obvious success.—D. T.

Miss Emma Thursby left New York on the 12th ult. for a brief concert-tour.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.—The many friends of Sir Michael Costa will be glad to learn that the attack from which he is suffering, although severe in appearance, inspires no anxiety in his medical attendant as regards an ultimate and, it may be hoped, a speedy recovery. The most troublesome symptom is temporary loss of voice; but this is due, we understand, to nothing more serious than a sharp attack of cold, which seized Sir Michael after attending the levee a fortnight ago, and produced, along with disturbances of the liver, this temporary affection of the vocal chords. He was doing business with his solicitor when the seizure declared itself, and was at once conveyed to his residence in Eccleston Square. On inquiry last night it was stated that Sir Michael had been able yesterday to drive out, but had not yet recovered the use of his voice.—D. T., March 5.

"T."

"I sent for a cup of tea—a Chinese drink—of which I had never drunk before," writes Pepys in his diary of the 25th of September, 1660. This brief sentence has been often quoted to prove the comparatively modern introduction to England of what has grown to be considered a national beverage. The actual tea plant, supposed at that time to be indigenous to China, according to their best informed writers, was first discovered in the eighth century. It was the Dutch East India Company, however, that introduced tea to Europe about 1591, but it was only used in England on rare occasions, some years prior to 1657, when it was sold at from six to ten pounds per pound weight. One Thomas Garway, the first recorded English tea-dealer, retailed it in 1657 to the public in the leaf at from fifteen to fifty shillings a pound, and also in the infusion. It was first imported by the East India Company in 1677, when they received from China nearly five thousand pounds of tea, which successfully glutted the market for several years. Not long before this date the Company had purchased, for presentation to the King, two pounds and two ounces of tea, which was graciously accepted as a rare curiosity. These facts and figures compare strangely with recently compiled statistics, which announce the total amount of tea now delivered for consumption to vary between two hundred and two hundred and ten millions of pounds—a marked discrepancy existing between the dock and Customs' returns. Tea, at any rate, was cheaper last year than at any time since its introduction in this country—a statement that should be found very gratifying to the earnest supporters of total abstinence. India, however, is rapidly competing with China in the exportation of tea, as the actual returns of Indian exports will show. At the present moment nearly five millions pounds of Indian tea are afloat, coming from Calcutta to London, in eleven vessels, of which ten are steamers. The duty on tea dates so far back as the reign of Charles II., when a tax of eightpence per gallon was imposed on all "ready-made tea," prepared for sale; but the leaf was not taxed until the reign of William and Mary, when a duty of five shillings a pound was laid on it. It has gone on fluctuating and altering, getting as low as one shilling in 1856, increasing to eighteenpence owing to the enormous expenses attendant on the Russian War, until it steadily settled down to sixpence, though it is needless to point out that this is a much more severe *ad valorem* duty than was imposed ten or twelve years ago.

Although England is one of the greatest tea-consuming nations in the world, she is still supposed to remain in invincible ignorance of the real value of the "cups that cheer but not inebriate." The English fashion of drinking tea would be laughed to scorn by the educated Chinaman or the accomplished Russian. Indeed, it is surprising in how few houses a good cup of tea can be obtained now that it has become unfashionable for the mistress of the establishment, not only to preside over her own tea-table, but to have complete sway over that most necessary article, a kettle of boiling water. The Chinese never dream of stewing their tea as we too often do in England. They do not drown it with milk or cream or alter its taste with sugar, but lightly pour boiling water on a small portion of the leaves. It is then instantly poured off again, by which the Chinaman obtains only the more volatile and stimulating portion of its principle. The most delicious of all tea, however, can be tasted in Russia—supposed to import the best of the Chinese leaves, as it imports the best of French champagne. It is served delicate and fresh with the flavouring of a slice of lemon, and is altogether a different beverage from our much-boasted English cup of tea. Time was, no doubt, when the housewife prided herself on the hospitality involved in this gracious offering, and was as proud of her brew as most men are of their manufacture of a salad. If there was one thing in which she considered it a right to be extravagant it was her tea. She bought it at the best, and therefore the oldest, tea-houses. She was an adept in the rare art of mixing and flavouring, the orange Pekoe coming in at the last moment, like the tarragon in the salad. In those days the purchased tea was not bodily handed over to the housekeeper, the cook, or the parlour-maid, to be promptly ruined. It was conveyed from the store closet to the drawing-room tea-caddy—an old-fashioned article of furniture now almost obsolete. The English matron of those days considered that there was something of an art in brewing a dish of tea, and accordingly applied her intellect to the task. The decay of tea-drinking, as a fine art, dates from the moment when Materfamilias handed over the teapot to the tender mercies of the cook. She condescends to preside over the tea-table occasionally, and sometimes pours it out for her guests; but kitchen tea is a fatal mistake. It is not tea at all—it is stew. It is as disagreeable to the palate as it is injurious to the health. Doctors are beginning to find this out, and are forbidding their patients that once delightful first morning

cup of tea which has been cooking for hours on the kitchen hob or the oven. Indeed, they recommend a half glass of boiling hot water as far more suitable to the digestion than long-standing and over-cooked tea. How different is the beverage now handed round ready poured out by an attentive footman to the deliciously scented and soothing cup that used to be handed to her guests deftly made by the mistress of the house herself! The very look of it is no longer encouraging. It is either a pale, half-chilled, unsatisfactory beverage, or it contains a dark black-brown settlement from over-boiled tea-leaves. The consumption of tea, no doubt, in England, is enormous, and we boast to foreigners that we are fond of our tea; the fashion of tea-drinking, owing mainly to our example, has extended to France, once extremely heretical on the point; and yet where is the foreigner to find a good cup of tea in England? At the railway stations? Very rarely. At the restaurants? Scarcely ever. And at the newly-started tea and coffee palaces, which are to promote sobriety, the great and crying complaint is that the tea and coffee are so poor that the best-intentioned people are forced back to the dangerous public-house in order to obtain a little stimulant, for it is idle to deny that both tea and coffee are stimulating to the constitution. Everywhere a great reform in tea is required. Once on a time no confectioner, railway station, or refreshment house could rival the home-made brew, made under the eye of the mistress of the household, with the kettle on the hob and the ingredients at hand; but now that the good old custom of tea-making is considered unladylike, and the manufacture has been handed over to the servants, the great charm of the beverage has virtually departed. No one can conscientiously say that they like English tea as at present administered, for the very good reason that it is no longer prepared scientifically.

Yet whether the tea be good or bad, the social influence of the beverage holds its own. The tea-caddy has become almost as much an anachronism as the snuffer tray and snuffers; the mistress rings the bell for the servants to bring a cup of tea instead of making it herself, all this is too true; but for all that the tea-table has not in fact departed. On the contrary, a new garment and a new meal have been added to the requirements of modern society—afternoon tea and a tea-gown. We have returned gradually to Crabb's picture of an English home—with a difference.

"The gentle fair on nervous tea relies,
Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes;
An inoffensive scandal fluttering round,
Too rough to tickle and too light to wound."

Afternoon tea is decidedly a modern institution. It is the precursor of gossip and the handmaid of flirtation. It was brought in by a revived taste for domestic decoration, and this harmless cup of tea is the bait with which love is apt to angle. Women in these modern days dress up to their luxurious furniture and their cosy tea-tables. It is a special and a privileged hour much appreciated by the favoured guests. We do not mean those elaborate routes and distractions when afternoons are occupied with mild music and milder recitations, washed down with the weakest and most watery tea, but those very special ante-dinner hours, when the sun, if there be any, is sinking or sunk, and when the accustomed visitor is ushered into my lady's boudoir that glows with pink shades and a carefully modulated fire. This is, in truth, the modern tea-table as distinguished from the high-backed chairs, the stiff tea-board, and the caddy period. Here, sinking into Moorish saddle-bag covered sofas, amidst innumerable feminine devices and knick-knacks; amidst all those subdued colours, and scents, and flowers; surrounded by embroidery and the careless disorder of a cosy room, the tea-invited guest takes his ease, and cares very little whether his tea is flavoured with lemon or sugar, and is as indifferent as his hostess as to the valuable and special property of boiling water. The actual tea is but an excuse for the conversation; and the correct cut of the tea-gown with its attendant laces has gradually supplanted the weightier matter of invigorating properties of the decoction. In conclusion, an old medical authority has offered some cynical comments on the advantages of tea that may alarm the total abstinence party. He says, with a certain grim amount of truth, "Some cases of severe nervous headache are relieved by a cup of strong green tea taken without milk or sugar. But this should be sparingly resorted to; it is a wiser plan to avoid the causes of such headaches. Tea has been looked upon as the great means by which intoxication was to be banished, but it is certain that, to relieve the tremblings and other unpleasant effects of the abuse of tea, a little brandy or other alcoholic stimulant is occasionally added to the cup, and so a habit is acquired which can never afterwards be relinquished." It is to be feared there is a good deal of truth in all this. Washerwomen are not the only people who add to their Bohea something stronger than milk, and less pungent than lemons.—D. T.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 16.

1790.

(Continued from page 132.)

The new year's ode, by Dr Parsons, was, as usual, performed at St James's in the presence of his Majesty.

The Italian operas were represented this season at Colman's little theatre in the Haymarket. They commenced on the 16th of January with a new comic opera entitled *I due Castellani*, the music of which was composed by Fabrizzi. Giardini was director. In this opera Signora Laurenti, pupil of Giardini, and Signor Negri, made their first appearance in England. Signor Negri's voice was good, and he sang with spirit, but his acting was but indifferent. The voice of Signora Laurenti wanted power. Her air, "Tenerino e tutto amore," was, however, very prettily sung. The music of this opera, though it has merit, will not rank as a first-rate effort.

If the comic opera was defective, the serious opera made ample amends having the powerful aid of Marchesi and Madame Mara, who commenced for the season on the 13th of April, in a new serious opera, called *L'Usurpatore Innocente*. The music was by Federici. The union of such exalted powers as those of Marchesi and Mara rendered this opera a delectable treat. To make way for the usual summer performances at the little theatre in the Haymarket, the Italian opera was again removed to Covent Garden Theatre, where was presented, on the 12th of June, the serious opera *Andromache*, and on Tuesday the 17th of July, the season closed with *L'Usurpatore Innocente*, in which Marchesi performed for the last time in this country. At the end of the operatic season, when Marchesi was about to depart for the continent, he was arrested by "mine host" of the house in which he had lodged, for the amount of his board for the season; to be furnished with which, for three seasons, together with his lodging, formed a part of his engagement with Sir John Gallini, *ci-devant maître de danse*, then proprietor of the King's Theatre. That Sir John, having settled for Marchesi's lodging, should demur at paying for his board, appeared rather extraordinary. He was not probably aware that the signor's powers of degluttony equalled his surprising powers of song; and therefore considered that it would not be unjust to cut off his table for the last season, in order to make up for the more than *quantum sufficit* he had consumed during the two former. But supposing Sir John, cameleon-like, preferred living on air, it did not necessarily follow that the signor should be satisfied with such unsubstantial diet. The affair, however, by the intervention of friends, was soon adjusted, and the signor departed. Sir John Gallini was not the only manager of the King's Theatre who had directed it on a saving plan. He was infinitely exceeded by Y—s, one of his predecessors, whose parsimony was hyperbolically described by a wag in the following manner: "This dwarf-like manager, who had an eye to everything, going his morning round in the theatre, came to an hogshead containing lamp-oil, which being nearly empty, he, in order to guage it to a nicety, leaned over the brim so far that he fell into it, and was, from its depth, unable to extricate himself. His cries for help, however, bringing one of the lamp-lighters to his assistance, he, with his usual thrift, desired the fellow who took him out to hang him by his clothes on the large wooden peg above the cask, till the whole of the oil should have dripped from them!"

The professional concert commenced at the Hanover Square rooms on Monday, the 15th of February, and the concert of ancient music, honoured by the presence of their Majesties, at Tottenham Street, on the 4th of February. The first of the Sunday concerts was this year held at the Duchess of Bolton's on the site of Russell Square.

Mr Incledon, who had for a few seasons sung with great success at Vauxhall Gardens, and the Theatre Royal Bath, appeared for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre on the 20th of January, in the part of Dermot in the *Poor Soldier*, when his fine tenor voice and its perfect intonation gained him universal applause. On the 19th of February Mrs Billington performed for her own benefit at the same theatre, for the first time in the character of Eliza, in the musical afterpiece of *The Flitch of Bacon*. It had been considered by many that she was merely a bravura singer, and therefore perhaps she selected this character to prove that she could sing with effect in simple and plaintive melodies. If this was her object, she attained it completely, by singing the natural and plaintive music of the part in the most chaste and beautiful style imaginable. This favourite piece was first brought out at Colman's theatre in the Haymarket, in 1778. It was the first opera composed by Mr Shield. It had a long run; and *The Flitch of Bacon* is to this day as much relished as ever.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Signora Turolla is singing at the Scala, Milan.

Gayarre has had an attack of fever in Naples.

Franz Liszt is reported to be dangerously ill in Pesth.

Mrs E. Aline Osgood has married a cousin, Mr Dexter.

The Teatro Malibran will be opened for opera at the end of this month.

It is said that Aramburo, the tenor, has accepted an engagement in Chili.

Campanini is engaged by Mr Abbey for the New Operahouse, New York.

Tripillo, a new opera by Sig. Luzzi, is accepted at the Teatro Pagani, Genoa.

The new Operahouse at Minneapolis, U.S., was inaugurated by Mdme Minnie Hauk.

The ballet *Excelsior* will be shortly performed at the Teatro de las Zarzuelas, Madrid.

Mdme Artôt and Señor Padilla took part in the seventh Harmonic Concert at Magdeburgh.

The Provincial Assembly of Alsace have voted 70,000 marks for the Stadttheater, Strassburgh.

Mdme Christine Nilsson, it is stated, has finally decided on returning to England for the summer.

Tamberlik is said to be filling a scrap-book with the obituary notices written on the report of his supposed death.

An operetta, *Il Saggio*, by Sig. Sofredini, was performed recently at the Istituto Cherubini, Leghorn, by the Students.

The new two-act romantic opera, *Muzedin*, by Herr S. Bachrich, has proved a success at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A new and original one-act opera, *Le Serment*, music by M. John Ulrich, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

The Berlin Quartettists, Herren Kotek, Moser, Exner, and Dechert, have been invited to give some concerts in Nuremberg.

The management of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, intend giving a "Mozart Cyclus" during the first fortnight of next month.

After an interval of thirteen years *Dinorah* has been revived in Hamburg, where it was first performed on the 11th January, 1860.

Miss Agnes Huntington, a young American lady, sang with much applause at the fourth Popular Concert of the Stuttgart Lieder-kranz.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been selected to inaugurate the spring season at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan. Mdme Cécile Ritter will enact Zerlina.

M. Limnander has been elected by 24 votes out of 31 to succeed Flotow as corresponding member of the French Institute (Musical Section).

The Municipality of Fiume have voted the erection of a new Theatre, to be completed by August, 1884. It is to be lighted by electricity.

It is proposed to give the name of the Via Wagner to the street running from the Rio Terra della Madellena to the Palazzo Vendramin, Venice.

The New York Police made 8,000 dollars by a performance of *The Pirates of Penzance* at the Academy of Music for the benefit of their Sick Fund.

The Municipality of Ravenna have contributed 1,500 francs towards a monument to Angelo Marini, the composer, in the cemetery of the town.

After concluding her engagement at Cologne, Mdme Marie Brandt proceeded to Weimar, and opened at the Grand-Ducal Theatre there in *Die Walküre*.

The Prussian Theatres Royal have been ordered to give, with as little delay as possible, a performance towards the erection of a monument to Wagner.

The 12th number, vol. II., of H. Viotta's *Lexicon der Toonkunst*, extending from "Lozek" to "Marinelli," has been issued by A. Roothaan, Amsterdam.

Mdme Hermine Bely, a young Hungarian bravura singer, formerly of Kroll's Theater, Berlin, is engaged from next autumn at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh.

It has been resolved to erect a new Operahouse at Arad, Hungary, in place of that burnt down a few weeks since. The architect will be Herr Fellner, of Vienna.

The Italian papers speak highly of a young singer named Marie Adler. She is engaged next season in America, and will not return to Europe till the end of the year.

The second of the Special Sunday Evening Cathedral Services at Chickering Hall, New York, took place, under the direction of Mr Frederic Archer, on the 18th ult.

The new Hamburg tenor, Herr Bütel, was to take part in the Matinée on the 11th inst. in the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations.

Sig. Terziani's new opera, *L'Assedio di Firenze*, produced for the first time recently at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, was well received, the composer being called on twenty times.

In consequence of the success of the electric light at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, U.S., Mr Edison will supply the same mode of illumination to the Park and Globe Theatres.

Mdlle Minna Walter, daughter of Herr Walter of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is playing a short round of characters at that theatre with a view to a permanent engagement.

The "Symphonic Prologue" entitled the *Jungfrau von Orleans*, from the pen of Ed. de Hartog, the Dutch composer, was favourably received at the last Artists' Concert, Wiesbaden.

In return for several of his compositions presented by Mr Charles Oberthür to the Queen of the Belgians, Her Majesty has written him a most flattering letter accompanied by a diamond pin.

Sig. Reginaldo Grazzini, Director of the Conservatory, Reggio Emilia, has been appointed professor of harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and composition, at the Liceo Marcello Benedetto, Venice.

Verdi's *Requiem* was executed at the Teatro Real, Madrid, for the first time in that capital, on the 5th inst., the principal singers being Signorine Theodorini, Borghi, Signori Masini, and Nanetti.

Mr Mapleson's opera company opened in Washington, U.S., on the 19th ult., the opera being *Faust* with Mdm Albani as Marguerite. The sale for seats on the "Albani nights" is very large.

The Royal Italian Opera Company, it is announced, has let Covent Garden Theatre and Floral Hall to the late lessee, Mr W. F. Thomas, for promenade concerts for the next three autumn seasons.

St George's Chapel, Windsor, is closed until further notice in order that the organ, which is being re-constructed, may be completed without delay. The chapel is expected to be ready for the resumption of Divine Service by Easter.

The third part of the last concert given by the Concert Society, Madrid, was devoted to the memory of Wagner and comprised the overture to *Rienzi*, the "Chorus of Pilgrims" from *Tannhäuser*, and "March with Chorus" from the same opera.

As a mark of respect for R. Wagner, "Siegfried's Funeral March" from *Die Götterdämmerung* was substituted for Hector Berlioz's "Pilgrims' March" at the rehearsal and concert of the New York Symphony Society on the 16th and 17th ult., respectively.

The Passion week performance of *The Messiah* at St James's Hall will be given this year, by Mr Willing's choir, on Tuesday evening, March 26th. Misses Mary Davies and Orridge, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas (vocalists), and Mr T. Harper (trumpet) are engaged. The choir will be largely augmented.

Church of Holy Apostles, Langham Place, Regent Street, Sunday, March 11th, 11 a.m. (full orchestra), Mattins (to Ven. Archdeacon Dunbar's special music), and Holy Communion (to Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*). 7 p.m. (full orchestra), evensong (to Ven. Archdeacon Dunbar's special music), and Spohr's *Last Judgement*.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVAL.—This year the "Festival of the Three Choirs" will be held in Gloucester, and the committee has already met to make the preliminary arrangements. One hundred and sixteen stewards have undertaken the pecuniary responsibilities, and an addition to the list is expected. The festival is fixed for the week commencing September 3, and the Dean and Chapter have granted the use of the Cathedral. Mr Williams, Mus. Bac., organist of the Cathedral, has been appointed conductor.

MR SINCLAIR DUNN (R.A.M.), gave his musical entertainment, entitled, "The Songs of Great Britain and Ireland," at the Walworth Literary and Scientific Institution on Tuesday evening last, assisted by the following artists, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr Arthur Jay, and Mr G. T. Sumpter (pianoforte). A judiciously selected programme, consisting of English, Scottish, and Irish songs, old and new, was gone through, to the satisfaction of an audience, which, as to proportion, was doubtless affected by the inclemency of the weather.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A new sketch, entitled *A Mountain Heiress*, written by Mr Gilbert A'Beckett, was produced at the St George's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday night. The heiress, a young English lady, is discovered as a captive among a band of Attic brigands, and, by the processes known to dramatists of Mr A'Beckett's fanciful skill, she is soon surrounded

by a highly respectable London solicitor who is in search of her, an English tourist who falls in love with her, a butler who has been taken by the bandits under the impression that he is the lord in whose service he actually is, and a lady housekeeper whose mission appears to be to rescue the butler from the custody of the brigands in order to transfer him to her own. The amusing adventures of this incongruous assembly of individuals are well pourtrayed by the company, and notably by Mr Corney Grain as the elderly solicitor, whose difficulties with the brigand attire he is compelled to assume are very diverting. Mr Alfred Reed as a peaceable butler, endeavouring to swagger and bluster as the sentinel of the lawless band, was also a most mirth-provoking picture. The other parts were satisfactorily represented by Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Marian Wardroper, who made here first appearance here, and Mr North Home. The music of the piece by Mr Lionel Benson is bright and tuneful, and most of the air received encores. Mr Corney Grain's musical sketch *En Route* concluded the entertainment.—D. N.

BERLIN.—A theatre constructed entirely of iron is being erected at an estimated cost of £6,000. It is to be devoted exclusively to French buffo-opera.

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